

MYSTERIOUS ADVENTURES

LN

TALES OF HORROR
from the BEYOND

IT WAS HORRIBLE
SHE GREW SMALLER
AND SMALLER / HE
MUST BE STOPPED.
ONE MORE PIN WILL
KILL HER!

WILD
TERROR of the
VAMPIRE
FANGS



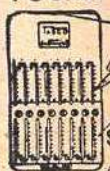


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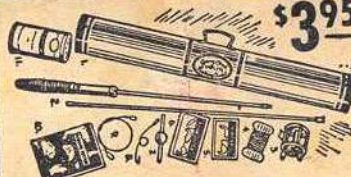
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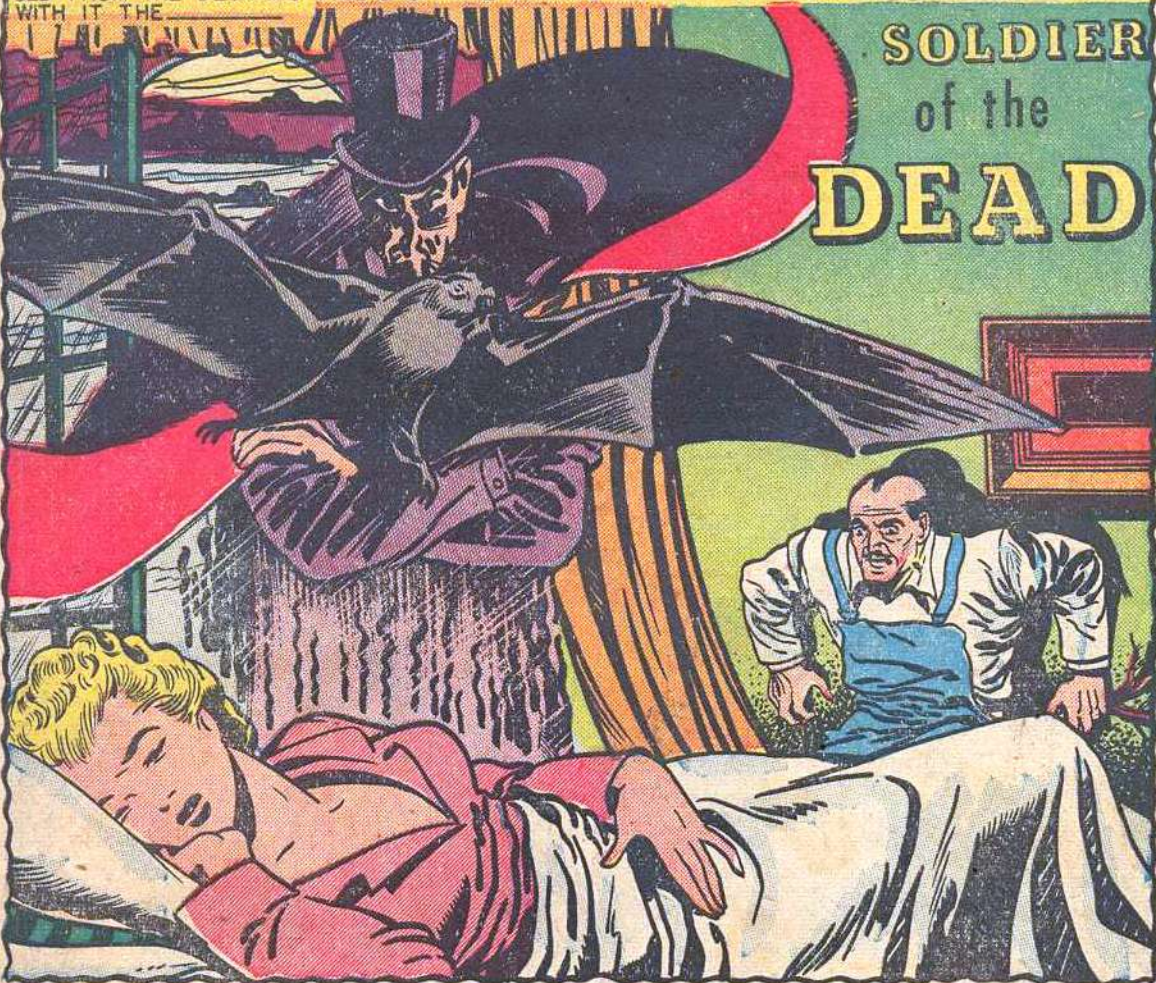
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FROM THE MONSTROUS THINGS THAT LURK CEASLESSLY IN THE DARK REACHES UNKNOWN TO MAN CAME THE TERROR THAT INFESTED THE HOME OF DAYLA FAIR WITH ITS HIDEOUS PRESENCE. WHO COULD EXORCISE THIS SPAWN OF EVIL THAT LIVED ON HUMAN BLOOD AND EMERGED FROM THE DECAYING VAULTS OF THE PRIVATE BURYING GROUND AT COLDWELL, BRINGING WITH IT THE

SOLDIER of the DEAD



I AM CHANNING WELLS, STUDENT OF THE OCCULT AND INVESTIGATOR OF PSYCHIC PHENOMENA. MANY ARE THE STRANGE ADVENTURES I HAVE HAD, BUT NONE WERE SO SPINECHILLING AND HARROWING AS THE CASE OF DAYLA FAIR.

WALTER JOHNSON

IT ALL BEGAN THE DAY THE CARETAKER OF HER ESTATE AT COLDWELL, VIRGINIA CAME TO ME FOR HELP....

MR. WELLS, THERE ARE VERY STRANGE THINGS GOING ON AT MAYFAIR. THINGS THAT HAVE NO NATURAL EXPLANATION.. THAT'S WHY I CAME.

TELL ME OF THEM, MR. GAYLEY..



WELL, THERE'S THE TIME DAYLA'S SISTER WAS A WEEKEND GUEST. SOMETHING HAPPENED TO HER THAT HAS NEVER BEEN EXPLAINED.

LET'S HEAR IT.



SHE WAS SLEEPING IN HER ROOM WHEN SOMETHING AWAKENED HER IN TIME TO SEE A CREATURE OF THE PITS....

I FEEL SO DIZZY. WH...WHAT'S THE MATTER WITH ME? THERE'S SOMETHING AT THE WINDOW!



IT'S A GIANT BAT EEEEEEEEE! IT TRIED TO BITE ME!



EVERYONE RAN IN TO FIND HER WITH A LOOK OF INDESCRIBABLE TERROR ON HER FACE, BABBLING INCOHERENTLY.....

DAYLA! DAYLA! THE BAT! THAT HORRIBLE BAT! IT TRIED TO BITE ME.

ALL RIGHT! ALL RIGHT! YOU'VE JUST HAD A TERRIBLE NIGHTMARE.

OR SOMEONE'S TRIED A PRACTICAL JOKE THAT ISN'T FUNNY



THAT WASN'T A NIGHTMARE AND IT WASN'T A PRACTICAL JOKE. THERE WAS THE NIGHT OF THE PARTY. DAYLA'S COUSIN AND STEVE WENT FOR A WALK IN THE GARDEN...



WHAT HAPPENED TO THEM?

THEY HAD JUST TURNED INTO THE PATH WHEN A SHROUDED FIGURE STEPPED OUT OF THE BUSHES. IT ATTACKED HER....

DARLING, LOOK OUT!

HE BIT ME! OHHH!



I TOLD CAYLEY I WOULD TAKE THE CASE. I ASKED HIM IF THERE WERE ANY STRANGE SUPERSTITIONS ABOUT COLDWELL. HE SAID THERE IS ONE.....

THERE WAS A NORTH-ERN SOLDIER IN THE CIVIL WAR. IN THE VIRGINIA CAMPAIGN HE WOODED A BEAUTIFUL DAUGHTER OF THE COLDWELL HOUSE -- VIRGINIA FAIR.



SHE IS CERTAINLY VAGUE... SAY WHY ARE THE MIRRORS COVERED?

ROBERT CARR, DAYLA'S FIANCE ORDERED IT. THEY BOTHER HIM.



DAYLA'S FIANCE, INDEED. I'M BEGINNING TO SEE THE LIGHT. GAYLEY, YOUR SUSPICIONS HAVE GOOD BASIS. THIS HOUSE IS INFESTED BY AN OUTSIDER, A THING OF THE GRAVE. THERE IS A VAMPIRE AMONG US!

A VAMPIRE?



YES. A CREATURE OF THE DEAD WHO RETURNS TO THE WORLD AT NIGHT IN THE GUISE OF A MONSTROUS BAT TO GET THE BLOOD IT NEEDS TO STAY ALIVE. IN HUMAN FORM THEY MAY BE RECOGNIZED BECAUSE THEIR IMAGE IS NOT REFLECTED BY A MIRROR! I BELIEVE IT IS THE SOLDIER RETURNED FROM THE DEAD-- IF HE IS DAYLA'S FIANCE. THEY MUST NOT MARRY.



THAT NIGHT CHANNING WELLS BEGINS THE DANGEROUS WORK OF DEFENDING DAYLA AND PROVING HIS THEORY....

THIS WOLFBANE WILL KEEP HIM AWAY. IT IS ONE OF THE TWO THINGS THAT KEEP A VAMPIRE FROM ITS VICTIM. POOR GIRL-- SHE LOVES HIM SO.



HIS DAYS ON EARTH ARE NUMBERED. IF ALL GOES WELL HE'LL BE BACK IN THE DARK PIT HE CAME FROM. BUT IF HE MARRIES THAT GIRL SHE WILL BECOME A BLOOD SUCKING VAMPIRE TOO.



AS THE TOLLING BELLS STRIKE TWELVE A MONSTROUS SHADOW FALLS ACROSS THE BEDROOM FLOOR....

IF THE VAMPIRE THINKS HE IS UNCOVERED HE MAY ATTACK DAYLA TONIGHT AND SUCK THE LIFE BLOOD FROM HER VEINS....



TURNING HIS GHASTLY GAZE UPON THE SLEEPING GIRL, THE HORROR FROM THE GRAVE FASTENS HIS EVIL EYES ON HER FACE.....

HE'S FORCED HER TO THROW THE WOLFBANE FROM HER. I MUST STOP HIM BEFORE IT IS TOO LATE!



THE DEPTHS OF HADES AWAIT YOU! YOU WILL GO BACK TO BURN IN EVERLASTING PURGATORY!!

LET ME GO!
YOU CARRY WOLFBANE!
LET ME GO!



HE WON'T BE BACK TONIGHT SHE'LL BE SAFE UNTILL MORNING. NOTHING WILL WAKE HER IN THIS STATE.



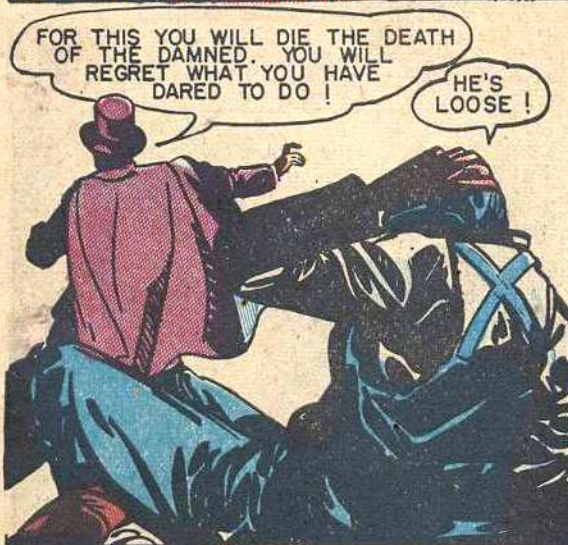
STOP DON'T TOUCH HER!

AAAAHH!!



FOR THIS YOU WILL DIE THE DEATH OF THE DAMNED. YOU WILL REGRET WHAT YOU HAVE DARED TO DO!

HE'S LOOSE!



RUSHING DOWN THE CORRIDOR TO ROBERT'S ROOM, WELLS BANGS ON THE DOOR.....

I'M COMING... I'M COMING... IS THERE SOMETHING WRONG.

HE'S IN. COULD I BE MISTAKEN?





BUT IN THE GARDEN, AS THE MOON'S BALEFUL LIGHT IS HIDDEN BEHIND A DARK CLOUD, NEW PHANTOMS OF DREADFUL SHAPE MAKE THEIR APPEARANCE.....



INSIDE, CHANNING WELLS HEARS THE SOUND OF THE SLAVERING BEASTS OF EVIL AND REACHES FOR HIS ONLY PROTECTION... A CROSS.....



AT THE SIGHT OF THE CROSS, THE BEASTS OF CORRUPTION AND DECAY FALL BACK IN CRINGING FEAR.....



PURSUING THE HIDEOUS CREATURES THROUGH THE SHADOWY GARDEN, WELLS IS IN TIME TO SEE THEM ENTER A WINDOW OF THE HOUSE....

THEY'RE GOING TO ROBERT'S ROOM.
I MUST BE RIGHT.

DASHING TO THE HOUSE, WELLS REACHES THE ROOM WHERE HE IS ATTACKED BY THE SLAVERING MONSTERS....

GET BACK!
GET
BACK!

I'M AFRAID, MR. WELLS,
YOU KNOW FAR TOO MUCH
FOR YOUR OWN GOOD.

MY WOLVES SHALL FEAST UPON
YOUR CARCASS AS I SHALL
FEAST UPON YOUR BLOOD!

THEN I SAW ROBERT CARR MOMENTARILY CHANGE
TO THE MONSTER VAMPIRE.

I'VE GOT TO STOP
HIM BEFORE IT
IS TOO LATE...
AHHH!

STAGGERING BACK, WELLS DRIVES THE BROKEN
WOODEN PEG WITH VIOLENT FORCE, THROUGH
ROBERT'S HEART....

THE WOLVES, THEY'RE GONE!.... HE HAS
A STAKE THROUGH HIS HEART. HE IS
DEAD FOREVER! FATE HAS AIDED ME.
NO OTHER THING WOULD HAVE
KILLED HIM.

MOMENTS LATER

YOU... YOU'VE
KILLED
ROBERT !!

I CAN'T EXPECT
YOU TO BELIEVE ME,
BUT HE WAS ALREADY
DEAD. DEAD FOR
MANY YEARS.



I DON'T EXPECT YOU TO BELIEVE ME, BUT THAT IS THE CHANGE I TOOK WHEN I ACCEPTED THIS CASE. I WON'T EVEN TRY TO CONVINCE YOU.

THEY ALL THOUGHT I WAS ONLY A CRAZY KILLER.



THAT'S RIGHT DON'T! THE POLICE WILL TAKE CARE OF YOU!

BUT LATER, AT THE FUNERAL, A WEIRD AND UNEXPLAINABLE THING TOOK PLACE....

HOW... HOW DID THAT COFFIN GET OUT THERE?

I DON'T KNOW! IT'S OPEN AND IT'S EMPTY!



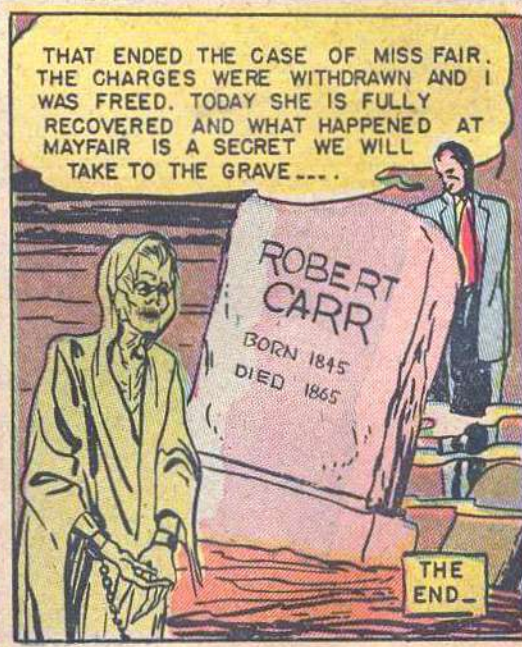
LOOK AT THIS. THE ENGRAVED PLATE READS - ROBERT CARR - BORN 1845 - DIED 1865 - THAT'S YOUR SWEETHEART'S NAME!

I DON'T UNDERSTAND PERHAPS WELLS KNEW WHAT HE WAS TALKING ABOUT. O.. OPEN THE LID OF MY ROBERTS COFFIN, PLEASE!

THE COFFIN LID IS RAISED AND A GASP OF PURE HORROR RUNS THROUGH THE LITTLE GROUP. FOR THERE, IN GRISLY REPOSE, LIES THE REMAINS OF THE LONG DEAD ROBERT CARR, GREEN AND MOULDERING AS A BURIED CORPSE OF 85 YEARS AND STILL WEARING HIS UNIFORM OF THE UNION ARMY... BUT WHAT HAPPENED TO YOUNG CARR'S BODY... ?



EEEEEE!



THAT ENDED THE CASE OF MISS FAIR. THE CHARGES WERE WITHDRAWN AND I WAS FREED. TODAY SHE IS FULLY RECOVERED AND WHAT HAPPENED AT MAYFAIR IS A SECRET WE WILL TAKE TO THE GRAVE....

ROBERT CARR
BORN 1845
DIED 1865

THE END.

EVERY MAN DREAMS OF SEEING INTO HIS FUTURE. BUT TAKE AN ARTIST WHOSE BRUSH MIXES PAINT WITH DEATH AND AN OBITUARY EDITOR WHOSE COLUMN PREDICTS RATHER THAN REPORTS, AND THE VEIL OF THINGS TO COME IS TORN ASUNDER! THE DESTINED HORRORS OF THE FUTURE ARE REVEALED TO THOSE WHO GAZE UPON _____

A PORTRAIT OF DEATH



"A GRAVEYARD IS A STRANGE PLACE TO FIND A FINE BRUSH SUCH AS THIS," ARTIST REX WILSON MUSED. "THIS BRUSH IN THE HANDS OF A PAINTER CAN TRANSFORM A BLANK CANVAS TO LIFE. TO LIFE," HE THOUGHT. "HOW STRANGE I PICK IT UP IN THIS PLACE OF ROTTING CORPSES-- THIS DWELLING PLACE OF DEATH!"

EVEN AS HIS HANDS CLOSED ABOUT THE BRUSH A SUDDEN SHREIK FROM THE WIND AND THE TREES SEEMED TO CRY A WARNING. BUT WARNING OR NO, IT PASSED UNHEEDED, AS REX WILSON HURRIED HOME.

FRIENDS, WE ARE GATHERED HERE....



BRRRR! THIS PLACE IS GETTING ON MY NERVES. I THOUGHT I HEARD A VOICE THEN, TELLING ME TO THROW DOWN THIS BRUSH / WAIT TILL I SHOW IT TO NEIL. THEY DON'T MAKE BRUSHES LIKE THIS ANY MORE BOY, THERE'S THAT MOANING SOUND AGAIN! STRANGE THE NOISES WIND IN THE TREES CAN MAKE!



ALL THE CRITICS SAY I'VE
BROKEN COMPLETELY WITH
THE ARTISTIC TRADITION OF
THE LAST TWO HUNDRED YEARS--
NO DOUBT I SHALL ALSO BREAK
WITH THIS BRUSH'S FATAL
TRADITION!

ALL MY LIFE I'VE DEALT
WITH ANCIENT INANIMATE
OBJECTS--I KNOW THEY
CAN HOLD A DEADLY
POWER WITHIN
THEMSELVES!



BUT THAT BRUSH--THAT FATAL BRUSH SEEMED TO PAINT BY
ITSELF! THE ARTIST'S HAND HELD IT BUT THE BRUSH COM-
MANDED EACH STROKE! SWIFTLY AND SURELY IT LAID ON
THE COLOR OF A PAINTING REX NEVER CONTROLLED BUT
COULD NOT STOP FROM DOING....

IT'S ALMOST FINISHED! BUT WHAT AM
I PAINTING? WHO IS THAT MAN--
WHAT IS HE DOING?



MORNING ALREADY! I'LL
READ THE PAPERS AND THEN TRY TO
FATHOM THAT PAINTING! I'VE NEVER
WORKED WITHOUT A MODEL BEFORE
BUT I HAD TO PAINT THAT MAN!



THINKING NO MORE OF THE BRUSH'S
DIRE HISTORY, REX WENT TO SLEEP
EARLY. BUT AT MIDNIGHT A STRANGE
POWER SEEMED TO COMMAND HIM TO
RISE AND...

PAINT! I WANT TO
PAINT! I WANT TO TAKE THIS ANCIENT
BRUSH AND PAINT--BUT I-I DON'T
KNOW WHAT THE SUBJECT WILL BE!



THAT SINGULAR LOOKING
MAN--A MAN I'VE NEVER SEEN
BEFORE-- IS STANDING IN COURT
AND BEING FOUND GUILTY
OF MURDER!



THE ARTIST SCANS THE PAPERS CAS-
UALLY BUT SUDDENLY HIS HORRIFIED
GAZE RIVETS ON AN ANNOUNCEMENT IN
THE OBITUARY COLUMN...

"ARTIST MURDERED!" REX WILSON, A
PROMISING YOUNG ARTIST, WAS FOUND
MURDERED YESTERDAY, SUNDAY THE
13TH! "...BUT THAT'S ME... AND TODAY
IS ONLY FRIDAY THE 11TH!



ANGRILY THE ARTIST PACKED HIS CANVAS AND ON THE WAY TO THE DEALER STOPPED AT THE OFFICE OF THE PREDICTING OBITUARY EDITOR...

YOU!

WHY ARE YOU LOOKING AT ME THAT WAY? I'VE NEVER SEEN YOU IN MY LIFE!

NOR I, YOU! BUT LOOK AT THIS...



WHY...IT'S **ME!** THERE CAN BE NO DOUBT OF IT! YOU HAVE PAINTED ME--BUT WHAT A STRANGE SETTING...IN COURT AND BEING FOUND **GUILTY** OF MURDER!

THAT ISN'T WHY I CAME HERE. YOU PRINTED AN OBITUARY NOTICE OF REX WILSON SAYING HE DIED SUNDAY-- THAT'S **THREE DAYS FROM NOW!**

YES, YES! A TERRIBLE MISTAKE! AT FIRST I THOUGHT IT WAS THE PRINTER'S BUT IT WAS **MINE!**

THAT WOULD HAVE BEEN A MISTAKE TOO-- **I AM REX WILSON!**



YOU! WHAT COULD HAVE **COMPELLED** ME TO WRITE YOUR OBITUARY AND PREDICT YOUR DEATH WOULD OCCUR **THREE DAYS FROM NOW?**

AND WHAT **COMPELLED** ME TO PAINT THIS PICTURE OF YOU AS A **MURDERER?**

THIS IS FANTASTIC! I-I CAN'T UNDERSTAND IT. LOOK, I HAVE THE WEEK-END OFF. I'LL GIVE YOU MY ADDRESS--COME STAY WITH ME TILL MONDAY. PERHAPS TOGETHER WE WILL BE SAFE.

ALL RIGHT! I DON'T WANT TO DIE ANY MORE THAN YOU DO.



THAT EVENING AS REX WILSON SEARCHES FOR THE HOME OF HERMAN SHARON....

EXCUSE ME, MA'AM. DO YOU KNOW WHERE THE HOUSE OF HERMAN SHARON IS?

AH YES, YOUNG MAN, I DO, IT'S AT THE END OF THIS STREET, BUT YOU ARE A FOOL IF YOU GO THERE.

WHY? WHAT DO YOU MEAN?

NEVER MIND WHAT I MEAN. I ONLY KNOW WHAT I KNOW. STAY AWAY FROM THERE. ANYONE WHO GOES TO THAT HOUSE WILL LIVE TO REGRET IT.



MAYBE I OUGHT TO LISTEN TO HER. THIS BUSINESS IS BEGINNING TO GET ME DOWN...NO, I'LL GO. IT'S THE ONLY WAY I'LL FEEL SAFE.



AT LAST HE FINDS THE HOUSE HE IS LOOKING FOR. IT SEEMS DECAYED AND MOULDERING LIKE A PLACE THAT HAS BEEN EMPTY FOR YEARS....

AH, MR. WILSON. COME IN. I HAVE BEEN WAITING FOR YOU.

I HAD A LITTLE TROUBLE IN FINDING THIS PLACE. HOPE I'M NOT LATE.



COME, I'LL TAKE YOU TO YOUR ROOM. IT'S BEEN A LONG TIME SINCE I HAVE HAD A GUEST. I SHALL ENJOY THE NEXT FEW DAYS, INDEED.

I WON'T ENJOY ANYTHING UNTIL SUNDAY HAS COME AND GONE. I'M BEGINNING TO BE FRIGHTENED.



TAKING REX TO A ROOM ON THE SECOND FLOOR, SHARON LEAVES HIM TO UNPACK....

YOU'LL EXCUSE ME, WON'T YOU. I'VE GOT SOME WORK THAT I SIMPLY MUST DO. I'LL SEE YOU LATER.

THAT'S ALL RIGHT. I'LL UNPACK.



AS REX RELAXES AND LIGHTS A CIGARETTE THE DOOR TO HIS ROOM SWINGS SLOWLY OPEN...

WHO... WHO'S THERE?

I HOPE YOU WILL FORGIVE ME FOR INTRUDING THIS WAY, REX WILSON.

CERTAINLY, BUT... BUT YOU KNOW MY NAME!

YES, I HEARD YOU WERE COMING. WOULD YOU DO SOMETHING FOR ME? WILL YOU PAINT MY PORTRAIT? IF YOU WILL, I WILL BE ETERNALLY GRATEFUL...

WELL, I... THAT IS...

SUDDENLY REX IS SEIZED WITH THE URGE OF THE OTHER NIGHT AND AN EERIE POWER TAKES HOLD OF HIM AS HE PREPARES TO PAINT THE WOMAN'S PORTRAIT...

THERE, SIT EXACTLY SO. I WILL TELL YOU WHEN YOU MAY MOVE.

DO NOT FEAR. I AM USED TO SITTING STILL.

YOU MAKE AN EXCELLENT MODEL. YOU'VE HELD THAT POSE FOR OVER AN HOUR.

I TOLD YOU I AM USED TO BEING STILL... VERY STILL...

HOURS LATER...

THERE IT IS, FINISHED! I'VE NEVER WORKED THIS FAST IN MY LIFE. SOMETHING SEEMED TO DRIVE ME EVERY MOMENT. AS IF MY LIFE DEPENDED ON GETTING IT DONE.

YOU HAVE DONE WELL. YOU ARE A FINE ARTIST, REX WILSON.

GOODBY, REX WILSON, I SHALL SEE YOU VERY SOON. PERHAPS THEN I CAN TELL YOU MUCH THAT YOU DON'T KNOW.

I'LL BE LOOKING FORWARD TO IT. GOOD NIGHT.



I'VE BEEN DOING SOME PAINTING. YOUR WIFE HAS A STRANGE BEAUTY, HERMAN.

MY WIFE! WHAT ARE YOU TALKING ABOUT? I HAVE NO WIFE!



SHE WAS UPSTAIRS JUST NOW. SHE ASKED ME TO DO IT AND I AGREED. SHE MAKES A WONDERFUL MODEL.

NO! NO! IT CAN'T BE! IT JUST CAN'T BE!



LATER, REX TAKES THE CANVAS DOWNSTAIRS TO SHOW HERMAN...

SHE WAS A STRANGE WOMAN. THERE'S SOMETHING ABOUT HER THAT FRIGHTENS ME, YET DRAWS ME TO HER...

HELLO, MY FRIEND. I THOUGHT YOU HAD GONE TO SLEEP. WHAT'S THAT YOU HAVE WITH YOU?



HOW?... WHERE... WHERE DID YOU GET THIS PORTRAIT?

TAKE IT EASY! I PAINTED IT. THAT'S SOME OF MY WORK. IT CAN'T BE THAT BAD!



WHY?? I JUST SAW HER, I TELL YOU.

THAT WAS IMPOSSIBLE. COME, YOU FOOL AND I'LL SHOW YOU WHY.



IN THE ROOM REX SEES SOMETHING THAT SENDS THE CHILL OF HORROR DOWN HIS SPINE....

IT...IT'S THE WOMAN WHO POSED FOR ME! SHE...SHE'S DEAD!

YES! I KILLED HER EIGHTEEN YEARS AGO!



I DON'T BELIEVE IT! BUT...BUT WHAT DID SHE MEAN WHEN SHE SAID SHE WOULD SEE ME SOON AND TELL ME MUCH THAT I DON'T KNOW?..

NOW YOU KNOW MY SECRET, WILSON, BUT YOU WON'T BE ALIVE TO TELL IT!



NO! NO! EEEEEYAH!

NOW YOU, TOO, WILL LIE IN DEATH. NO ONE WILL EVER KNOW OF MY SECRET.



THUS THE FIRST PART OF THE PREDICTION CAME TRUE, THE PORTRAIT PAINTED BY THE BRUSH HAD BROUGHT DEATH TO REX WILSON... THE NEXT DAY...

I KILLED HIM! I KILLED HIM! BUT SHE CAME BACK AND HAUNTED ME! SHE FOLLOWS ME WHEREVER I GO! HELP ME! HELP ME!

THIS GUY MUST BE LOONY, BUT WE'LL CHECK ON HIM ANYWAY. SEND A DETAIL OUT TO HIS HOUSE, CLANCY.



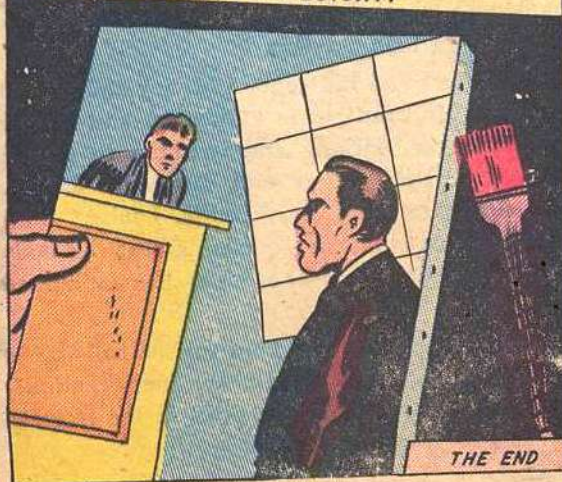
THEN DESTINY ARRANGED A STRANGE SCENE! A SCENE PAINTED BY AN ARTIST OF HIS OWN MURDERER WHO HAD PREDICTED HIS DEATH...

GUILTY OF MURDER! HAVE YOU ANYTHING TO SAY?

IT COULDN'T BE HELPED! NOTHING COULD STOP THE CHAIN OF EVENTS! LOOK...



HERE'S THE BRUSH OF DOOM AND THE PICTURE IT PAINTED -- FATAL FORESIGHT!



THE END

REVENGE OF THE VOODOO DEAD

IN the old section of New Orleans stood an ancient house within whose crumbling confines the blackness of midnight was pierced only by the uncertain flickering of a single candle. And there, in the half-light sat the solitary figure of a passion-racked man. His disheveled hair and careless dress served but as a sallow frame for the wide torture-lit eyes which burned with all the dark swirling tides of hate his evil soul could muster. So sat Paul Gillotte.

For days he had sat there unmoving, waiting, waiting. Waiting for answers to his letters which never came. How long, he groaned, how long more must he wait and how many men more must he kill before Louise de Lille realizes that he alone can be for her!

Just then, a soft rapping sound came from the door. So soft it was, that it might have passed unheard by anyone except a man whose ears were strained for just such a sound. Gillotte rushed to answer. No one was there. Only a bit of paper lay on the sill, almost carelessly, to prove that the knock had been real. Gillotte ran frantically to the street to catch the messenger, but all he saw was a shadow and suddenly that too was gone. But no matter. He had the note and it was from . . . Louise! With trembling hands he held the note by the candle and read:

"My dear Paul," it said, "It has taken some time for me to realize what has been obvious for so long. Your long love makes me sure, now, that I want you. Meet me tomorrow night at the Mardi Gras Ball at the Red Spider Inn. You shall know me by my dress, which is that of the Black Angel. 'Til then, my dear."

Gillotte could not contain his joy and he did not try. He cried out in excitement and danced madly about, kicking and writhing in a mad pagan rhythm. Faster and faster he danced, screaming in sheer joy, "Louise, Louise," until he collapsed at last in a quivering heap, his body exhausted. But the fever of his excitement burned on.

At last the appointed hour for the ball was at hand and Gillotte arrived at the Inn. Frantically he looked from one to the other in the crowded

ballroom. What if she would not come? What if it were a joke. No! There she was! There on the balcony! The Black Angel! It was Louise!

Her costume fit her superbly, clinging to each curve of her ravishing figure as if it were a part of her. Her face was covered with a lace mask and her long blonde hair fell shimmering to her shoulders. He was beside himself with delight to see her, and she seemed genuinely glad to see him.

Gillotte was dazzled by her charm and her warmth, and as they waltzed he permitted himself the pleasure of reflecting upon the events leading up to this night:—

From the first time he had laid eyes upon Louise de Lille he adored her. It was barely a year ago that they had met. He had been walking down Bourbon Street when Louise, a vision of loveliness, rode by in an open carriage. She was the daughter of a prominent politician and had recently returned from Paris where she had gone to school. Himself a scion of an ancient and well-to-do family, Gillotte had no difficulty in arranging an introduction. In the weeks which followed, Gillotte was a frequent visitor at the de Lille home, but Louise treated him with no special favor. Her suitors were many, and as Gillotte watched her flirtations a bitter jealousy gnawed at his heart, leaving in its place a blind, unreasoning hatred toward his rivals.

One night a plan took shape, and Gillotte grasped at it eagerly—a horrible devilish plan—and a systematic elimination of his rivals for the affections of Louise began.

First, he lured Yvon Revec to death in an alley, making it appear to be the work of a wolf. A few weeks later, Pierre Duval paid for the smile he had received from Mlle. de Lille by a strangely but utterly disappearing. Morris Winthrop, business associate of the elder de Lille and admirer of his daughter, inexplicably, they said, "committed suicide" in a horrible manner. With each death, Gillotte felt a barrier had been removed and he reveled in the thought of it.

Just when it seemed that the path were clear for him, old de Lille suddenly announced the

engagement of Louise to a Tom Martin. This, of course, came as a great shock to Gillotte. He would settle this suitor too, but because of his special enmity toward this one who had gone so far as to become engaged to Louise, Gillotte planned a punishment to suit this "crime."

When Gillotte made the discovery that Tom Martin was a very superstitious man he had chortled in glee. "This is humorous," he had said.

The story of how he had abducted Martin one night, taken him into his cellar and literally frightened him to death even now made Gillotte laugh aloud. It was amusing to remember the look of anguish upon poor Martin's face as Gillotte, costumed as the Devil's Disciple to add to Martin's horror, had advanced upon him spewing wild tales. The silly goose he had actually died of fright before Gillotte had had a chance to plunge the dagger into him. . . .

Then, with the field clear, Gillotte had besieged Louise with letters and entreaties anew. Nothing happened until the night of the note's delivery—and now he, *HE*, alone was left of all her lovers and she herself had told him that she would have him!

And now as the belfry clock tolled the first of twelve strokes for midnight, Gillotte found himself alone with his lady walking from the ballroom, seeking to be alone under the stars.

What impelled them to choose the path through the old graveyard, Gillotte did not know. Certainly, a love as alive and throbbing as his could find no attraction among the abode of mouldering death. They walked.

And all at once it happened. When it was and how it came about neither Gillotte nor any other mortal shall ever know. But in an instant he found himself, not tied, but rendered just as helpless as if he had been. Nothing touched him, or Louise, and yet they were unable to move or utter a cry. And without moving, without the slightest blinking of an eye, they found themselves in another place.

Gillotte fought to keep from swooning. "It was a dream, a horrible dream," he kept saying to himself. But it was no dream the way his wrists ached with the sudden pressure of chains which suddenly bound them to a post as if by magic.

And Louise . . . Louise was beside him, her face livid with terror and twisted with a pain which was wracking her body. And even as he watched her, helpless either to come to her aid or even to comfort her with a word, it seemed to him that wisps of fog began to creep into the air about them and out of this fog faces—yes faces with bodies—began to appear.

He wanted to shriek but he couldn't. It was as if his throat was held shut by these unearthly forms. He was helpless to do anything but watch what these creatures, devils, whatever name these *things* went by, would do next.

Gillotte did not have to wait long. As these *things* advanced closer, one leered at him with a face like . . . like Tom Martin! *It was Tom Martin! And Revec and Winthrop and Duval, too!* All the men whom he had murdered for the possession of this girl had returned to torment him from the grave!

As if upon some silent signal, the shade of Revec produced a doll which he waved aloft, and the doll's face was the face of Louise. Suddenly, the thing which looked like Duval plunged toward the doll and with a violent motion jabbed a long pin into the body of it. And then, Winthrop did the same.

With each stroke of a pin into the image of Louise a strange reaction took place immediately in the being of the real Louise. As each barb slid into the yielding substance of the doll, Louise, Gillotte's Louise, *shrank!* Smaller and smaller she became with each insertion until she was no larger than the size of Gillotte's hand. Still these *things* pressed on.

Gillotte knew what they were doing. He had destroyed them so that he might possess her. Now they were taking her away from him, to a place where he might never recover her—the place of the voodoo shrunken dead!

"No, no!" he wanted to cry. "No, No." And suddenly the blackness of the night enveloped him and he saw no more.

Gillotte never awoke. When the doctors found him, they said he died of fright. Was it a dream? *Was it a dream?*

When they found him, on the ground before him lay a child's doll bristling with pins.

Louise? Louise had disappeared.

THE HORRIBLE FANGS OF PROFESSOR PRONE!



THERE IT LAY A BARE TEN FEET BENEATH THE ARTIC ICE SHEET—A SQUAT GREEN MONSTER WITH TWO GLISTENING FANGS OF HORROR! FOR OVER HALF A MILLION YEARS IT HAD LAID BURIED THERE—A FROZEN TERROR, IN THE LONELY ESKIMO VILLAGES EVEN THE BRAVEST SHUDDERED BEFORE THE FIGURE OF THE DEATH GOD. BUT WHEN ITS TOMB WAS MELTED AND THE DEATH GOD STALKED THE LIVING WORLD, NO ONE WOULD BELIEVE THE FANTASTIC ENTRIES IN... *THE CURIOUS DIARY OF PROFESSOR PRONE!*

TWO FELLOW SCIENTISTS STOOD OVER THE SLUMPED BODY OF PROFESSOR PRONE IN THE ANTHROPOLOGICAL MUSEUM...

POOR PRONE, HE DIED AT HIS DESK AND BARELY FIFTY! TWEED, DID YOU SEND FOR THE AMBULANCE?

IF THAT'S PRONE'S DIARY YOU'RE GRABBING, READ IT. IF IT'S ANYTHING LIKE THAT WIERD STORY HE'S BEEN TRYING TO MAKE US BELIEVE, IT SHOULD BE FASCINATING!

"IT ALL BEGAN WHEN THE ONLY WOMAN ARTIC EXPLORER I'VE EVER MET CAME INTO MY OFFICE. I COULD SEE THAT JANET SPENCE WAS AGITATED. SHE HAD RETURNED FROM A TRIP THREE HUNDRED MILES BEYOND THE AGLEMIT ESKIMO VILLAGE AND SHOWED ME A PICTURE..."

THIS IS WHAT I FOUND BURIED THERE!

THIS IS THE HORRIBLE STORY THE DIARY TOLD.

HOW DID HE DIE?



SURELY, MISS SPENCE, YOU DON'T EXPECT ME TO BELIEVE ANYTHING LIKE THIS EXISTS ON EARTH? NO DOUBT A CLEVER PIECE OF TRICK PHOTOGRAPHY!

I DIDN'T IMAGINE YOU'D ACCEPT IT ON FIRST SIGHT. HERE IS A BOX CONTAINING SOME MINERAL DEPOSITS I DUG OUT FROM A CORNER OF THAT MONSTER'S ICE TOMB! HAVE THEM ANALYZED!

I SENT THE SAMPLES TO THE LAB AND THOUGHT NOTHING OF THE MATTER FOR A WEEK. THEN THE REPORT CAME BACK. RADIOACTIVITY HAD ESTABLISHED THAT THE TOMB WAS OVER HALF A MILLION YEARS OLD...

WELL, YOU HAVE AROUSED MY CURIOSITY. I HAVE SOME RESEARCH TO DO AMONG THE ESKIMOS ANYWAY. LET'S HEAD NORTH AND LOOK AT THIS MONSTER!

A MONTH LATER FOUND US IN THE VILLAGE OF THE AGLEMIT ESKIMOS...

MEN WANT TO KNOW WHERE GO ON TRIP?

THEY'LL GO

WHEREVER WE CHOOSE TO GO! TELL THEM TO STOP THIS NONSENSE OF DEVIL-DEVIL FEAR AND GET THE SLEDS READY! I WANT TO HAVE A LOOK AT SOMETHING BEFORE I LEAVE HERE.

I STRODE QUICKLY TOWARDS THE LARGE OMINOUS HUT AT THE END OF THE VILLAGE STREET. AN ESKIMO BARRED MY WAY...

PUT THAT SPEAR DOWN! I'M GOING IN!

NO! THIS HUT OF DEATH GOD! ONLY THE SHAMAN AND DEAD CAN ENTER! IF YOU ENTER--MEANS DEATH!

I LAUGHED IN THE SUPERSTITIOUS NATIVE'S FACE BUT HE REFUSED TO LET ME ENTER. HE TOLD ME THE DEATH GOD WOULD FOLLOW AND KILL ANY MAN OR WOMAN WHO ENTERED HIS SACRED TOMB. THAT NIGHT I DECIDED TO GET IN AT ANY COST...

WHO GO?

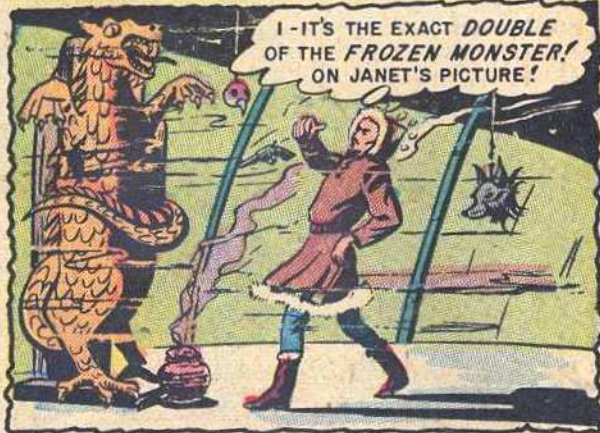
THIS WILL END YOUR CURIOSITY--AND LET ME SATISFY MINE!

OWW!

NO ONE HAS EVER SEEN THE TOTEM OF THE ESKIMO DEATH GOD BEFORE! I'LL BE THE FIRST!



'QUICKLY I RACED FORWARD INTO THE MOONSWEPT DEATH HUT. THEN SUDDENLY MY GAZE RESTED UPON THE LEERING TOTEM OF THE DEATH GOD AND I RECOILED IN HORROR...



I - IT'S THE EXACT DOUBLE OF THE FROZEN MONSTER! ON JANET'S PICTURE!

"I HAD VIOLATED A TABOO ENTERING THE DEATH HUT BUT NOT THE FEAR OF NATIVE REPRISAL BUT THE HORROR OF THE MEMORY OF THE DEATH GOD'S TOTEM MADE ME FRANTIC TO LEAVE AT ONCE...



BUT NIGHT NOW!

YOU HEARD ME! GET THE MEN UP! LOAD THE SLEDS! WE'RE LEAVING!



"JANET WAS BEWILDERED BY THE SUDDEN EXCITED RUSH TO DEPART BUT I REFUSED TO REMAIN ANOTHER MINUTE IN THAT VILLAGE...

BUT WHY LEAVE IN THE MIDDLE OF THE NIGHT?

LET'S JUST SAY I'M DOING IT TO GET TO YOUR FROZEN MONSTER A BIT SOONER!

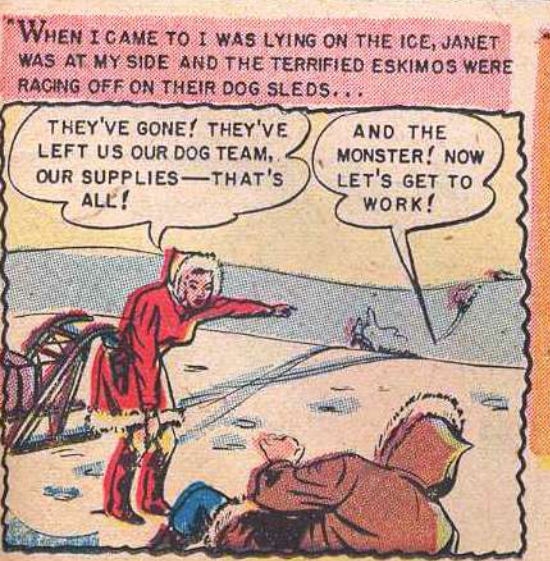
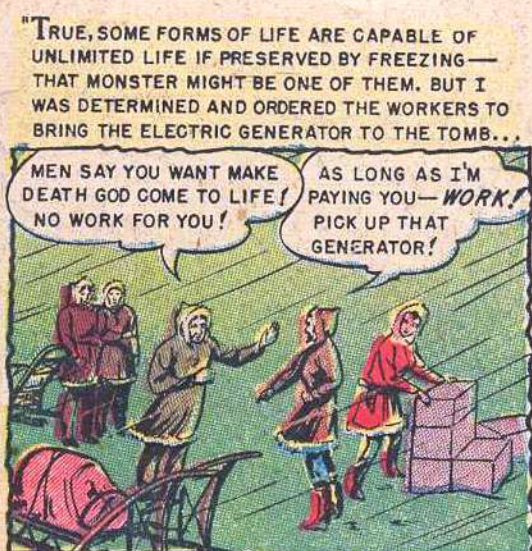


'SWIFTLY THE DOGS' SLEDS CRUNCHED OVER THE SNOW AS WE HEADED NORTH. A WEEK LATER WE HAD REACHED JANET'S OLD CAMP, THEN SLIPPING AWAY FROM OUR NOW RESTIVE ESKIMOS WE CAME UPON THE MONSTER'S TOMB! THERE IT LAY BENEATH THE THIN ICE SHEET, PERFECTLY PRESERVED, ALMOST SEEMING ALIVE—ITS TWO SHARP FANGS OMINOUS AND GLITTERING...

NOW YOU BELIEVE ME!

YES! I'VE BROUGHT HIGH POWERED HEAT COILS WITH US. I'M GOING TO THAW THAT ICE SHEET AND UNBURY THE MONSTER!





A FEW HOURS LATER AS WE SAT DOWN TO EAT, THE TERRIFIED WHELPING OF A HUSKY PIERCED THE ARCTIC NIGHT...



WE RACED OUT INTO THE NIGHT. THERE, REARING OUT OF ITS PRISON-TOMB, THE MONSTER ROSE-- AND STRUCK...



SUDDENLY THE GLITTERING FANGS SANK INTO THE DOG'S NECK. IT DIED WITH A FEARFUL MOAN. I GRABBED THE HEAVY IRON SLED CHAINS AND FLUNG THEM AT THE MONSTER FLAYING HIM WITH ALL MY STRENGTH...



THE MONSTER STUMBLED AND FELL FACE FORWARD ACROSS A STRONG CHAIN. SWIFTLY, JANET AND I BOUND HIM...



JUST IN TIME! IT'S TRYING TO BREAK LOSE!

IT CAN'T! THESE STEEL LINKS ARE TWO INCHES THICK! IN THE MORNING WE'LL GO FOR HELP. TONIGHT WE'LL TAKE TURNS GUARDING IT WITH A LOADED GUN!



I STOOD WATCH TILL THREE IN THE MORNING. THE EVIL MONSTER'S EYES GLINTED UP ANGRILY AT ME BUT IT WAS UNABLE TO FREE ITSELF FROM THOSE IRON CHAINS. WHEN I COULD SCARCELY KEEP AWAKE I HAD JANET RELIEVE ME. SUDDENLY...



IT BROKE FREE!

I GRABBED THE NEAREST WEAPON—A BLOWTORCH! ITS RED FLAME LICKED THE BACK OF THE MURDEROUS BRUTE...

THE SCORCHED BEAST DROPPED JANET AND TURNED ON ME. THE FLAME FLARED HOTTER AND THE MERCILESS BLAST EXPLODED IN THE DEATH-MAD FACE OF THE MONSTER...

IT'S FLEEING! JANET/JANET, ARE YOU ALL RIGHT?

NOT MUCH HOPE... FOR ME...

AS I HELD JANET IN MY ARMS, TWO DEEP UGLY FANG MARKS WERE VISIBLE ON HER NECK...

COULDN'T YOU HAVE FIRED THE GUN AT HIM? WHY DID YOU OPEN THE CHAINS...

I FIRED... DIDN'T EVEN STOP HIM... I DIDN'T OPEN THE CHAINS... HE... HE...

JANET DIED IN MY ARMS. THE TWO UNIQUE AND HORRIBLE FANG MARKS CLAIMED THEIR VICTIM. I GRABBED THE BROKEN CHAINS. THEN I REALIZED WITH ABJECT TERROR WHAT JANET HAD TRIED TO TELL ME...

THE MONSTER ATE THROUGH STEEL!

ALL THROUGH THAT NIGHT I FLED THE WRATH OF THAT RELENTLESS MONSTER WHICH I HAD RELEASED TO PREY UPON THE WORLD. A FEW DAYS LATER I REACHED THE ESKIMO VILLAGE...



DESERTED!
THERE'S NO ONE
HERE BUT THE
GHOSTS OF THE
DEAD I KILLED!

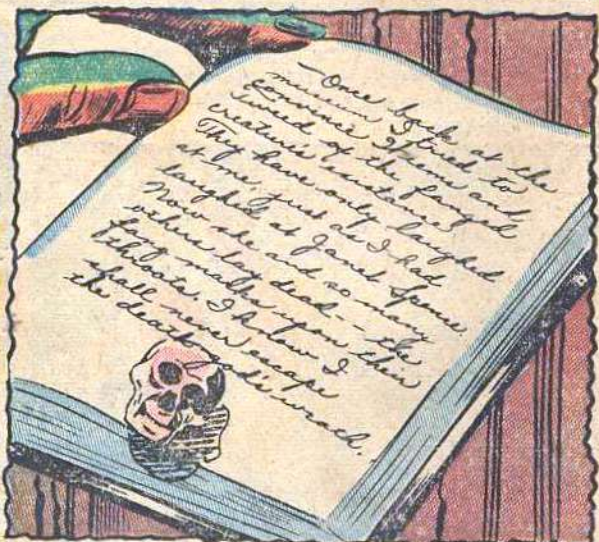


"NO, THEY HAD NOT DESERTED... THE DEATH GOD HAD BEEN HERE BEFORE ME. EVIDENCE OF HIS HORRIBLE FANGS LAY STREWN ABOUT LIKE LEAVES FROM A DYING TREE. AND IN THE CENTER OF ALL, ONE DREADFUL OBJECT LOOMED..."

THE DEATH GOD IDOL!
THE FANGED MONSTER'S
CARVED IMAGE!



"I WHIPPED MY DOG TEAM ON, FASTER AND FASTER I FLED FROM THIS DREAD LAND, BUT EVEN AS I RAN I KNEW WITH EVERY FIBER OF MY BEING THAT THE REVENGE OF THIS FANGED MONSTER, GOD, DEVIL, THING, WHATEVER IT WAS, WAS NOT YET COMPLETE."



WHAT A RIDICULOUS TALE FOR A SCIENTIST TO WRITE! WELL, IT'S ALL OVER WITH HIM NOW. TOMORROW'S PAPERS WILL STATE, "PROFESSOR PROME DIED AT HIS DESK OF NATURAL CAUSES."

WEEMS, GIVE ME A HAND. LET'S LAY HIM DOWN ON THE STUDIO COUCH.



GOOD HEAVENS!
LOOK AT HIS THROAT...

THE MARK OF THE
MONSTER'S FANGS!



THE TIME-BATTERED EDIFICE THAT HOUSED THE COSTUME SHOP WAS GRIM AND FOREBODING, REEKING WITH UNSEEN EVIL. THE OLD MAN WHO STEPPED FROM THE SHADOWS TO WAIT UPON HIM INSPIRED STRANGE AND FEARFUL THOUGHTS AS HE HANDED DAVID CARVAN THE JEWELLED DAGGER THAT CARRIED THE ANCIENT AND DREADFUL.....

CURSE OF THE D'MEDICI



KILL!
KILL!
DO NOT HESITATE!
PLUNGE MY DAGGER
DEEP, DEEP INTO
HER LOVELY
SOFT THROAT!
IN THE
NAME OF MY
ANCIENT CURSE,
I COMMAND
YOU!

ON A CHILL JANUARY AFTERNOON, A YOUNG MAN ENTERS THE GLOOMY PREMISES OF MINAS COSTUME SHOP.... GOOD AFTERNOON, SIR, WHAT DO YOU WISH?

OH! YOU STARTLED ME. I THOUGHT THERE WAS NO ONE HERE. I'M DAVID CARVAN. I CAME FOR THE COSTUME I CALLED UP ABOUT. IS IT READY?

AH YES, YOU ARE GOING AS LORENZO D'MEDICI. HERE IT IS ALL PACKED. YOU HAVE CHOSEN TO PORTRAY AN EVIL MAN, MR. CARVAN.

PERHAPS, BUT, IT'S A BEAUTIFUL COSTUME... THANK YOU. I'LL BE ON MY WAY NOW.



WAIT A MOMENT, MR. CARVAN. I HAVE SOMETHING HERE THAT GOES WITH YOUR COSTUME. IT IS THE DAGGER THAT LORENZO HIMSELF CARRIED MANY HUNDREDS OF YEARS AGO. IT HAS KILLED MANY MEN.

IT...IT'S MAGNIFICENT. ARE YOU SURE YOU WANT TO LET ME TAKE IT?

OF COURSE, BUT BE CAREFUL. IT IS WORTH A FORTUNE. TAKE IT AND THINK OF LORENZO WHEN YOU WEAR IT.

THANK YOU. I'LL TAKE GOOD CARE OF IT, DON'T WORRY. GOOD NIGHT.



SHORTLY AFTER AS DAVID TAKES A CAB TO HIS HOME, IN HIS HANDS HE HOLDS THE MEDICI DAGGER WHICH HE TOYS WITH IN FASCINATION...

HOW EASY IT WOULD BE TO BURY THIS BLADE BETWEEN THOSE SHOULDERS. HOW EASY TO SNUFF OUT HIS LIFE.



IN A MOMENT IT WILL BE OVER. IN A MOMENT HE WILL BE DEAD.



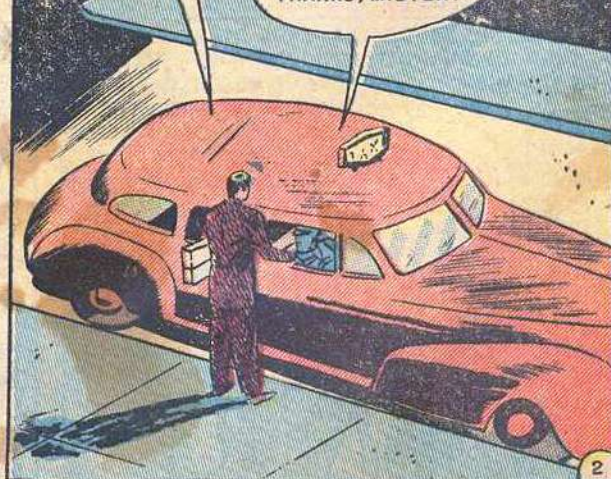
AT THAT MOMENT, THE CAB STOPS SHORT...

HEY!... WHAT HAPPENED? WHAT WAS I ABOUT TO DO? I NEARLY KILLED A MAN!

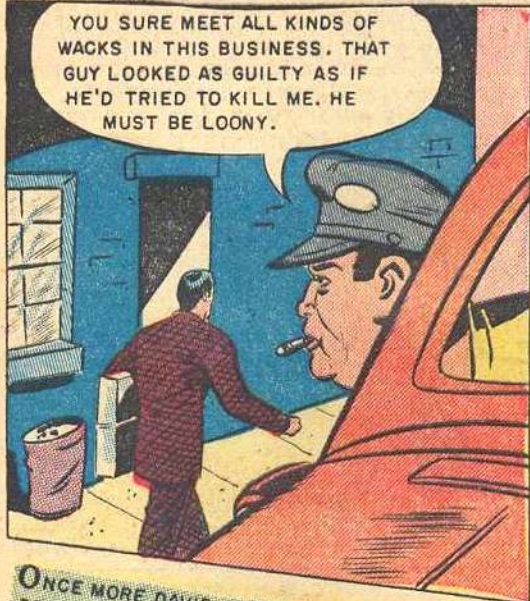


HERE, DRIVER. KEEP THE CHANGE. I'VE GOT TO GET OUT OF HERE!

HUH! THAT'S A FIVE DOLLAR BILL! GEE, THANKS, MISTER!



YOU SURE MEET ALL KINDS OF WACKS IN THIS BUSINESS. THAT GUY LOOKED AS GUILTY AS IF HE'D TRIED TO KILL ME. HE MUST BE LOONY.



ONCE MORE DAVID IS SEIZED WITH A STRANGE DESIRE. EVIL THOUGHTS SEEP INTO HIS BRAIN AS HE SLIPS THE JEWELLED INSTRUMENT OF DEATH FROM ITS SHEATH...

NOW IS MY CHANCE. ONE THRUST AND I'LL BE RID OF HER FOREVER. NO ONE WILL EVER KNOW WHAT STRUCK HER DOWN.



SUDDENLY A GUST OF WIND SLAMS THE DOOR SHUT BRINGING DAVID TO HIS SENSES...

HELEN! I WAS GOING TO TAKE HER LIFE! THE LIFE OF THE GIRL I LOVE! I MUST BE GOING MAD!



REACHING HOME, DAVID SHAKES OFF THE STRANGE FEELING THAT HAS COME OVER HIM AND DRESSES FOR THE MASQUERADE. AT EIGHT HE CALLS FOR HIS FIANCEE...

HELEN'S DOOR IS OPEN. SHE LOOKS BEAUTIFUL IN HER COSTUME. JUST LIKE CATHERINE D'MEDICI MIGHT HAVE LOOKED.



I MUST KILL HER! I MUST! THIS BLADE MUST FULFIL ITS PURPOSE.



DASHING INTO THE STREET, DAVID FLINGS THE DAGGER FROM HIM...

WHAT'S COME OVER ME? WHY DO I HAVE THESE EVIL COMPULSIONS? WHAT MAKES ME WANT TO KILL?



THE DAGGER! IT WILL BE RUINED!
WHAT WILL I TELL THE MAN AT
THE COSTUME SHOP?



BUT A STRANGE THING HAPPENS. THE GRINDING WHEELS OF
THE HEAVY STREET CAR DO NOT HARM THE DAGGER IN THE
LEAST...

THAT'S PECULIAR. IT ISN'T EVEN SCRATCHED.
I'M SURE THE WHEELS WENT OVER IT...MAYBE
I THOUGHT I SAW THEM HIT IT...I DON'T KNOW.



I'VE GOT TO GET A GRIP ON MYSELF. COULD
THIS DAGGER HAVE ANYTHING TO DO WITH
WHAT IS HAPPENING. COULD THIS BE THE
THING THAT IS DRIVING ME TO KILL? MAYBE
THE BALL WILL HELP GET THESE TERRIBLE
THOUGHTS FROM MY MIND.



BUT AS THE
MAN PREPARES
TO PUT THE WEAPON
AWAY, A MIASMA OF
EVIL THOUGHTS TAKE
POSSESSION OF HIS
MIND...

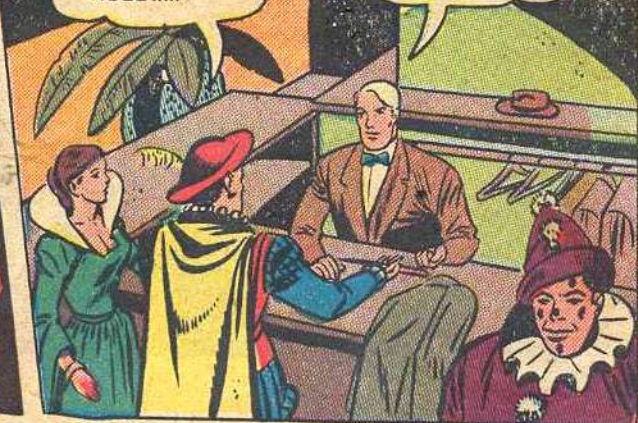
LOOK AT THAT! IT'S REAL!
THIS IS NO ACCESSORY
TO A COSTUME. IT'S A
THING TO KILL WITH.



AT THE BALL, DAVID DECIDED TO PLAY SAFE AND PUT THE
DAGGER WHERE IT CAN'T DO ANY HARM. HE CHECKS IT
WITH THE COAT ROOM ATTENDANT...

TAKE THIS AND BE CARE-
FUL OF IT. IT'S VERY VALU-
ABLE.....

YES SIR. I'LL PUT
IT ON A SPECIAL CHECK
AND LOCK IT UP.



HOW SHARP IT IS! HOW KEEN
ITS POINT! HOW BEAUTIFUL IT
WOULD LOOK BURIED TO THE
HILT IN A HUMAN HEART.
I MUST PUT IT AWAY...
BUT I CAN'T!

WILL YOU
CHECK OUR
COATS, PLEASE.





MINUTES LATER, DAVID TELLS HIS STORY TO THE POLICE...



THE SEARCH BEGINS AS A WILD FIGURE SLINKS ALONG A DARK STREET NEARBY, COMPLETELY UNDER THE SINISTER DOMINATION OF THE EVIL WEAPON...





SUDDENLY THE POSSESSED MAN TURNS AND LEAPS TO THE TRACKS...

HE'S GOING TO TRY AND GET AWAY THROUGH THE TUNNEL! SHOOT!

TRY AND STOP ME!



BUT AS HE LANDS THE CRAZED MAN STUMBLES AND FALLS. THE EVIL DAGGER TOUCHES THE THIRD RAIL IN A BLINDING FLASH OF FLAME...

HOLD YOUR FIRE! HE'S THROUGH!



AS THE POLICE REACH THE BODY THEY MAKE AN ASTOUNDING DISCOVERY...

LOOK AT HIM! HOW PEACEFUL HIS FACE IS! HE...

THE DAGGER! IT'S DISAPPEARED!

I'LL BE DANGED! I HAVEN'T ANY ANSWER FOR THIS ONE, SON. MAYBE YOU KNEW WHAT YOU WERE TALKING ABOUT AFTER ALL.



THE NEXT DAY...

I'D LIKE TO SEE THE OLD MAN WHO WORKS HERE!

YOU MUST HAVE THE WRONG PLACE. THERE ISN'T ANYONE WORKING HERE BUT ME.



WHAT! HE RENTED ME A COSTUME AND GAVE ME A DAGGER TO GO WITH IT. HE SAID IT HAD ONCE BELONGED TO LORENZO D'MEDICI.

ARE YOU FEELING WELL, SIR? WE HAVE NO D'MEDICI DAGGER. NEVER HAVE HAD.

BUT YOU MUST HAVE. I WAS HERE YESTERDAY AFTERNOON.

YOU COULDN'T HAVE BEEN, SIR. THIS STORE WAS CLOSED. I WAS HOME ILL!



WHO WAS THE OLD MAN? WHERE DID HE COME FROM? FROM WHAT EVIL PLACE DID THE MEDICI DAGGER APPEAR? WHO CAN SAY? WHO WOULD DARE TELL IF HE KNEW...?

THE END...

NEW!

NONE OTHER LIKE IT!

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like it

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At Once!

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CAN WHISTLE-
or
HUM A TUNE-**

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GOSH, JEAN, THAT'S A SWELL HARMONICA, AND YOU SURE CAN PLAY IT. I WISH I COULD!

IT'S EASY TO PLAY, AND YOU GET THIS FINE, FULL SIZE HARMONICA, HOPPY'S NEW METHOD OF INSTRUCTION, AND WORDS AND MUSIC OF 200 SONGS—ALL FOR ONLY \$1.69

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